

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

WHERE THE MONEY OF LIFE IS FOUND.

"Some folks tries so hard ter be happy in dis' worl' dey gits miserable tryin'. Happiness is allus whar you ain't lookin' fer it."

That they have not found happiness where they expected to find it has been the experience of every human being who has made a specialty of hunting for it. Happiness is not gained that way. It is the product of a deed and not to be found by hunting, as sportsmen hunt for wild animals.

Real happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. It is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world.

It is difficult for many people who are honestly striving to make the most of themselves to see how they can possibly get happiness out of their monotonous, humdrum vocations to which they are chained by necessity or on account of those who are dependent upon them. These people would get a good lesson by studying the bees, who, every minute during the day of the honey season, are finding sweets in every weed, in poisonous flowers, in things in which we would never think of looking for anything good.

If we are ever happy, it will be because we create happiness out of our environment with all its vexations, cares and disheartening conditions. He who does not learn to create his happiness as he goes along, out of the day's work, with all its trials, its antagonisms, its obstacles, with all its little annoyances, disappointments, has missed the great life secret. It is out of this daily round of duties, out of the stress and strain and strife of life, the attrition of mind with mind, disposition with disposition—out of this huckstering, buying and selling world—that we must get the honey of life, just as the bee sucks the sweetness from all sorts of flowers and weeds.

An old farmer was once asked at a meeting of the Agricultural congress to give his opinion on the best slope of land for the raising of a particular kind of fruit. "It does not make so much difference," said the old man, "about the slope of the land as the slope of the man." Many a farmer who has the right slope makes a good living and gets a competence on very poor soil, while the farmer who does not slope the right way barely exists upon the richest soil.

Happiness does not depend so much upon our being favorably environed as upon the slope of our mind.

Nothing contributes more to the highest success than the formation of a habit of seeing the bright side of things. Whatever your calling in life may be, whatever misfortunes or hardships may come to you, make up your mind resolutely that, come what may, you will get the most possible real enjoyment out of every day; that you will increase your capacity for enjoying life by trying to find the sunny side of every experience of the day. Resolutely determine that you will see the humorous side of things. No matter how hard or unyielding your environment may seem to be, there is a sunny side if you can only see it. The mirth-provoking faculty, under trying circumstances, is worth more to a young man or woman starting out in life than a fortune without it. Resolve that you will be an optimist; that there shall be nothing of the pessimist about you; that you will carry your own sunshine wherever you go. Thus you may make poetry out of the prosiest life, bring sunshine to the darkest home and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

LET IT GO WITH THE OLD YEAR.

How many of us make our backs ache carrying useless, foolish burdens! We carry luggage and rubbish that are of no earthly use, but which sap our strength and keep us jaded and tired to no purpose. If we could only learn to hold on to the things worth while and drop the rubbish—let go the useless, the foolish, the silly, the things that hinder—we should not only make progress, but we should keep happy and harmonious as well.

One of the secrets of right living is letting that go which absorbs our energies and retards our progress. We should let our unfortunate past experiences drop into the world of oblivion. We should never recall a disagreeable memory or mistake unless it be to arm ourselves against falling into further errors. If the past torments and haunts you cut it off sharply as if with a knife. Do not allow its shadow to darken your present or rob your future of its possibilities. Profit by the lessons it has taught, but do not morbidly brood over them.

Do not hang on to the things that keep you back, that make you unhappy. Let go of the worry, let go of the anxiety, let go of the scolding, fretting and fuming, let go of criticism, let go of fear, let go of anxious, over-strenuous life, let go of selfish

living, let go of the rubbish, the useless, the foolish, the silly; let go of the shams, the shoddy, the false; let go of the straining to keep up appearances, let go of the superficial, the false of the vice that cripples, the false thinking that demoralizes, and you will be surprised to see how much lighter and freer and truer you are to run the race, and how much surer of the goal.

The American people do not know how to let go. We keep our muscles tense and our nerves up to such a pitch that it is the hardest thing in the world for us to drop things.

Why not resolve this coming year that whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons, that you will not cherish shadows? Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, that every one of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worry and fear, anxiety and regret—sap your energy, for this is your capital for future achievement.

Whatever is disagreeable, whatever irritates, nags, destroys your balance of mind, forget it—throw it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, in useless trifles. Make war upon dependency, if you are subject to it. Drive the "blues" out of your mind as you would a thief out of your house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

If you have had an unfortunate experience forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book, your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position; if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step; if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. If you have been indiscreet, imprudent; if your reputation has been injured so that you fear you can never redeem it, do not drag the hideous shadows, the rattling skeletons about with you. Rub them off the slate of memory. Forget them. Start with a clean slate and spend all your energies in keeping it clean for the future, and you will be surprised at the transformation in your life and its effect upon those around you.

Lowest Note Fitted to Organ.

An organ stop which emits a note one full octave below any that has ever been heard before has been installed in an organ at Lowell, Mass. This stop is 128 feet long and its note is musically indicated as CCCCCC.

"To understand what this means," says the Scientific American, "it may be said that a 32-foot pipe vibrates 16 times a second at its lowest note (CCCC), and this is very near the point below which vibrations cease to form a continuous sound, while a 128-foot pipe vibrates but four times a second when producing its lowest sound. It was found, however, that a group of pipes giving overtones could be arranged to produce, when sounded together, a synthetic tone, and by this means stops producing the effect of a 64-foot pipe have been built without requiring the use of a pipe of that length; and now in the same way, this monster 128-foot stop has appeared, which is described as 'a mighty atmospheric throb of most awesome majesty.' Indeed, it would seem that its tones must be rather felt than heard."

Detecting Impurities in Honey.
Biological tests of honey are described by J. Thoni in the Schweizerische Bienen-Zeitung. Such tests are necessary for detecting artificial or adulterated honey, when the natural product is almost perfectly imitated as to its physical and chemical properties.

Two tests are described in detail—the diastase reaction, based on the fact that honey contains a diastatic ferment secreted by the bee, which in contact with soluble starch, is capable of transforming the latter into sugar; and the precipitin reaction based on the fact that honey contains a special protein secreted by the bee which, when inoculated into rabbits causes the formation of antibodies in the blood serum. These antibodies when mixed with the honey under examination, yield a precipitate, and the quantity of this precipitate indicates the kind and amount of the adulteration.

Race Track on Salt.
What is undoubtedly the most novel motor race course in the world is found at Salduro, Utah, where natural salt beds furnish the roadway. The beds are on the line of the Western Pacific railroad and are 65 miles in length and eight miles in width, furnishing a smooth, unbroken surface, level as a table, and are from two to twenty feet in depth. The salt is crystallized, 98 per cent pure, and white as snow. The surface is hard and dry.—Kansas City Times.

Gray Horse's Handicap.
The dark horses are the ones that go to the war. The only objection to the gray horse is that to keep his coat spick and span he needs twice as much grooming as a dark horse. Caring for is not enough. He must have soap and water "no end," as an English groom would say.—Youth's Companion.

Two or three seconds. It means that while the siren is running, in the case of the larger apparatus, something like 500 horsepower is being expended in the production of sound.—Scientific American.

Not Forgotten.
Bis—You may depend upon it that your friends won't forget you as long as you have money.
Dix—That's right; especially if you have borrowed it from them.—Boston Transcript.

TAKING WAR PRISONERS TO CAMP



Scene in the village of Pau, France, where the entire population has turned out to see a column of 300 German prisoners being escorted to the French camp by their captors.

FRENCH FINISH 47 DAY FIGHT IN TRENCHES

Soldiers Welcome Brief Rest and First Chance to Change Clothes.

JOKE OVER THEIR PLIGHT

Mudcoated Infantrymen Tell of Their Life at Front—Only 11 Left of 250 in Original Company—Kill Germans to Get Clothes.

By GABRIEL DELAGARDE.
Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.
Amiens, France.—I have just passed two days in a tiny hamlet near the front between Arras and Albert, sleeping on straw and living on bread and sardines. French batteries a few hundred yards away thundered intermittently. My companions were 150 French infantrymen, who were quartered there for four days to rest after 47 consecutive days in the trenches. By this time they must have resumed their old positions on the firing line. The first man with whom I talked when the grim, dirty columns broke ranks and scattered about the thirty-odd farms which compose the hamlet, said:

"Yes, monsieur, we have been 47 days in the trenches without once removing our clothes or even our shoes. Except for two old peasants we passed back along the road, you are the first civilian we have seen in all this time. But you see, we do not look too miserable. We even stood it very well, because we are Bretons, who are a tough and stubborn race. But we are rather dirty, are we not?"

Joke Over Life in Trenches.
I replied frankly that I had never seen dirtier men in all my life. Their clothes were torn and covered with layers of yellow clay and their shoes looked like lumps of mud which had hardened around their feet. Yet the men were laughing and joking happily enough. We entered the village inn, a picturesque tavern blackened with smoke, with strings of onions hanging from the rafters, while in the corner the aged grandfather was weaving on a hand loom. Over their coffee and brandy the soldiers renewed their jokes at the expense of the "boches" (Germans), their own dirtiness and various features of life in the trenches. To the accompaniment of a distant cannonade they told the history of their company since the beginning of the war. They had participated in many battles and the company had been entirely reorganized three times. Of the original contingent of 250 men only one officer and ten men were left.

Dug Holes With Their Hands.
When they first took position at the place they still held, they had to fight in an open field, for neither side had time to prepare trenches. The men sought to protect themselves the best they could. Those without pickaxes dug in the earth with their hands, trying to make holes big enough to lie in.

Gradually, however, trenches were completed and a subterranean village organized. Before the trenches barbed wire was strung on which bells were hung which would ring when the wire was disturbed. Their monotonous life was interrupted only by shells that burst too near and occasional surprise attacks.

Ordinarily the men sleep in the daytime in restrooms, the straw in which is changed every two weeks. Little by little the soul and body became hardened until now they can look on the rain of deadly shells with indifference.

Kill Germans to Get Clothes.
Protection against the cold was not difficult. Woolen garments had been distributed liberally and in case these were lacking one could always find a chance to "snipe" some German, steal

ONE DOG SAVES LIVES OF 20

Black Collie With the German Ambulance Corps Makes Remarkable Record.
Berlin.—More than twenty lives have been saved by a black collie dog belonging to an ambulance corps on the East Prussian battlefield. In peace times the animal is a watchdog in the railway station at Halle. The dark winter nights and the 'now make' the work of finding the

forth under cover of the darkness and remove his overcoat and shoes, as several men of this company had done.

Rain is more serious here in Picardy, where the clay holds water on the surface. Despite gutters and roofs rain always gets into the trenches somehow.

"When it rains," said a soldier with heroic carelessness, "you get wet. That is all there is to it."

I learned that several men, ill from dampness, had been sent to the hospital.

Death Loses Its Terrors.

The following story illustrates how little preoccupied with death these men are:

One day the men in the rear guard trench decided to send a soldier to fetch water from a village two kilometers (1.2 miles) away. It was a fine, warm day and they wanted to wash themselves. An hour later the soldier returned with two pails of water, which all were eager to use, but they lacked towels.

One soldier said he would get some from the advance trenches, where there were several. He went ducking down the zigzag passage which connects the trenches, and which, because of its length, is named Rue Lafayette, after the longest street in Paris. All the trenches are named. There is a Rue de la Paix, an Avenue de l'Opera and the grand boulevard.

Killed, But Towels Are Saved.
They waited, but the soldier did not return and another went to hunt for him. Finally he saw the soldier with the towels in his hand and his head bent to the earth. A call brought no answer. The man had rashly lifted his head above the ground and was instantly shot through both temples. The soldier who told this story took the towels from his dead comrade and calmly returned to wash himself.

"What would you expect?" he asked. "It might have been my turn half an hour later. There was no use in worrying."

No Word of Rebellion.

During the entire two days I lived with these men I did not hear a single word of anger or revolt. They questioned me eagerly for war news, about what the people were saying in the cities and what the opinion was in the allied and neutral countries. They expressed the hope that the war would not last much longer, and some sighed when thinking of their wives and children, photographs of whom they showed me. But always they were good humored. It was as if new and simplified souls had formed within them adapted to the present extraordinary circumstances.

From the lieutenant and the captain, whom the men treated respectfully, as both were leaders as well as comrades; from the thoughtful young civil engineer, now a common soldier, who, one realized, was accustomed to a life

SEARCHING SUSPECTS



A German soldier searching a Belgian peasant in the neighborhood of the Yser.

wounded especially difficult, but since the ambulance parties began using dogs in their search few wounded men have been overlooked. The dogs carry a red cross on both sides of the collar. As soon as night comes, generally the only time in which the wounded can be searched for, the leashes are slipped and the dogs are sent across the battlefields. Instead of barking when they find a wounded soldier, they bring back some article of the victim's equipment, as a cap, helmet or glove. They are then put

of luxury and who doubtless would have been stupefied if he had been told six months ago that presently he would be dwelling gayly a month and a half in a ditch without even taking off his shoes; from the workmen and from the small shopkeepers, to the sergeant who was a genuine count of the old Breton nobility—all in their several ways expressed their joy at being able to sleep in a good barn on thick straw, wash themselves and stroll restfully about.

Worried About Their Trenches.
They did not seem to realize that they exemplified truly astonishing courage and hardihood. The only thing that really worried them was their trenches, which would be occupied these four days by young recruits, who might, because of their inexperience, let the rain get in.

The lieutenant told me amiably that he had a luxurious room back there, the fitting of which cost him 25 francs (\$5), and he was afraid that during his absence the rain might pierce the ceiling and even reach his library. He reproached himself for having left behind some books which, on returning, he might find in bad condition.

Meanwhile the entire company sought to make the best of these four precious days of repose, cleaning themselves and their clothes, greasing their rifles and eating and drinking. I am sure they returned to their arduous vigils in the icy trenches in better spirits than ever. Their orders are simply to hold, and hold they will, you may be sure, to the very last man.

FIRE 4,000 BULLETS APIECE

Extraordinary Expenditure of Cartridges Required to Kill One Man in This War.

London.—One of the things frequently noted by soldiers at the front in writing to relatives and friends is the extraordinary expenditure of bullets required to kill a man. A German report says that many German soldiers fired 4,000 cartridges apiece during the first month of the war. An English observer estimated that 25 German shells are wasted for every man killed by them. In 1870 it was calculated that the Germans fired 150 bullets and six shrapnel shells for every wounded Frenchman. In the Russo-Japanese war it is said 3,000 bullets were fired for every life lost.

TREATING THE WOUNDED



British Red Cross surgeon caring for a wounded French infantryman.

DOING MESSAGE OF SOLDIER

Vivid Picture of Pathos of Man Passing Away in a Foreign Land.

London.—At Hull the other day the archbishop of York read a letter from one of his own chaplains at the front, giving a vivid picture of the pathos of a soldier dying in a strange land for a cause he only dimly understood. Kneeling beside a wounded soldier in a tent lit by a candle flickering in the wind, the chaplain was addressed thus: "Am I dying, sir?" "Yes, sonny, you are." "My God!" Then a pause. "Please break it gently to my missus. She is expecting my first baby just about now." The chaplain took up a crucifix from his neck and held it up. The soldier raised his head, laid it down again and began to smile—"the loveliest smile I ever saw," says the chaplain.

TRENCH PAPERS IN BELGIUM

Journals Publish Special Editions for Soldiers at the Front.

Washington.—The Belgian legation has received copies of "trench editions" of Belgian newspapers in which the main feature is columns of personal paragraphs addressed to soldiers in the Belgian army by regimental and company designations telling them of the whereabouts of their families. Many of these paragraphs conclude, "Send news."

These "trench editions" are circulated in an effort to re-establish communication between the men at the front and their scattered families, many of whom are now in France, England or Holland.

Besides the personal paragraphs the papers carry news of the war and lampoons against the enemy.

on the leash and they lead the ambulance men to the spot where the wounded soldier lies. In this manner hundreds have been saved on the different battlefields.

At first some of the animals led the searchers to men already dead, but they learnt with surprising rapidity to confine their attentions to the living.

The Russo-Japanese war lasted 576 days and cost 555,900 lives and \$2,560,000,000 in money

FOUND THINGS HAD CHANGED

Auto Made It Impossible for De Wet to Repeat Famous Deeds on the Veldt.

Christian De Wet was the most picturesque, resourceful and elusive figure on the Boer side of the South African war a dozen years ago. The efforts of the British forces to "round him up" were futile for many months. He and his followers were always turning up in the most unexpected ways and places. His maneuvers, his stratagems, were deemed real additions to the "art of war" in the cavalry branch, or rather in the handling of "mounted infantry," to be technically correct.

Hence when General De Wet went into insurrection against the Union of South Africa and on the side of England's foes there was general expectation of a game some time. Whatever the effort, if any, on the final outcome of the war of his operations, it was expected that De Wet would supply the material for a lot of "stories," as amusing to neutral readers as they were exasperating to his military opponents. But the event proved that De Wet had not reckoned with the new factor that has come into war since he ranged the veldt a dozen years ago.

He and his followers rode and raided with all his old skill and invention. The difference was that they never had a chance to rest. They had horses in plenty, they knew the country like the backs of their hands, but no matter how fast or skillfully they rode they could never really get away from their foes. Though their horses worried and disturbed them the motor cars of their foes, the horses of steel that fed on gasoline, kept remorselessly chugging on.

The Herald has before suggested this should be termed "The Automobile War." The running down of De Wet, the unequal horseman of the veldt, emphasizes the merit of the suggestion.—Chicago Herald.

DEADLY POISON FLY PAPERS

List of Accidents Covering Only a Few Days Should Show the Danger in Their Use.

Considering the safe up-to-date methods of destroying that pest, the domestic fly, it is remarkable that people will persist in using the poison fly papers. The basic toxic principle of all these papers is arsenic, one of the deadliest and most insidious of poisons. The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable. The danger in general is proved by various items in our exchanges. We present herewith a partial list of accidents from poisonous fly papers which speaks for itself. The list covers only the period between July 1, 1914, to August 24, inclusive, and covers 35 cases of poisoning, five fatal and 30 non-fatal or uncertain. The list by states: Illinois, 4; Indiana, 6; Iowa, 5; Kentucky, 2; Minnesota, 4; Nebraska, 2; New York, 2; North Carolina, 2; Ohio, 3; Pennsylvania, 5; total, 35.

Husband Is Poor Companion.

The fact that one party to a marriage is a poor entertainer and companion is no ground for a divorce, according to the holding in Brown versus Brown, 146 Northwestern Reporter, 271. Plaintiff and defendant were married at Kalamazoo, and lived together about eleven years, when the plaintiff left the defendant and applied for a divorce on the grounds of non-support and extreme cruelty. At the time of the marriage, and all the time thereafter, the defendant was a watchman at a railroad crossing, making \$35 a month, working very long hours and every day in the week. Plaintiff was an industrious and ambitious woman, working out without the desire or knowledge of her husband. They both contributed to the family expenses. Defendant's salary would not allow a very elaborate existence. Plaintiff complains that defendant after coming home from work would not be entertaining, would never talk to her, or take her out to places of amusement, but instead he would sit around the house, read the paper and go to bed. The supreme court of Michigan held that the plaintiff failed to show such conduct on the part of the defendant as would justify granting a divorce.—West's Cases.

Sea Water a Disinfectant.

Sea water electrically treated has been found to be of great value as a disinfecting means and is now used regularly in a number of English cities for cleaning swimming pools, school-rooms, hospitals and similar places. It is very effective and quite cheap. Where the salt water is not obtainable an artificial sea water is made at a very slight addition to the cost. Public swimming pools are maintained in a sweet condition by the addition at the first filling of about thirty gallons of the treated water to a pool of about eighty-five thousand gallons, and then an addition of the treated water is made every few days.

At the Telephone.

A convenient telephone index is made to slip over the mouthpiece—or rather under it, for the mouthpiece must be unscrewed to put the index on. It is circular in form, and the little index flaps, of green leather lettered in gold, radiate from the center. They push in and out, behind and in front of each other, to expose the little wedge-shaped sections on which the numbers are written. There is one division headed "Emergencies," on which the police and fire numbers, the doctor's number and any frequently called numbers may be written.

Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone park has an area of 2,142,720 acres. The park is in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, and was established in 1872. The only park on earth that can compare with the Yellowstone in size is the one in New British Columbia, Jasper park, recently taken over by the authorities of the new northwestern territory, which covers 3,200,000 acres—about the size of the state of Connecticut.

HOMETOWN HELPS

SHRUB SHOULD PROVE BOON

Possibility That Plant Long Sought For Has Been Discovered in Western Texas.

Most flowering shrubs have their short season of bloom, and though at that time they are of great beauty, the flowers last only a short time. Then we must be content to look at the green foliage, and attractive though that is, we wish for a longer season of bloom.

The wish is met in the discovery in the mountains of western Texas, in the semi-arid regions, of a shrub which bears the name Salvia Greggii.

We all know the alluring beauty of the annual salvia splendens. At a season when flowers are scarce it clothes itself in a splendor and keeps up the procession of beauty until arrested by the frosts. Now if we could clothe a shrubby plant with this radiant profusion and have it in bloom a long time, we would have just what we have been looking for for years.

The Salvia Greggii is a shrubby plant three or four feet tall, well branched and often of a globular form. It commences blooming early. It clothes itself with a splendor of glowing red for about two months. Then it slacks up a little, but as autumn approaches, and most other flowers have gone, it puts on its scarlet robes again, almost overwhelming the plant with the splendid flowers. Probably no shrub ever discovered is more attractive. The question comes up as to whether it will stand the northern climate. Florists have not been in haste to disseminate it. They have sent it to several of the northern states, where it has proved hardy. During the awful drought of last year in Kansas it stood the test bravely and kept right on blooming. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania it came through the winter all right. Because its habitat is the high, dry portions of the West, it will doubtless prove well adapted to the heat and drought of Kansas and Nebraska. It certainly has the power to resist heat and drought and will withstand the winter.

It is a stimulating lesson for little big cities. It proves that "it is never too late to mend." It proves, indeed, that the more a city grows the more it must amend and pay for the shortsightedness of its youth.

EXAMPLE IN CITY PLANNING

New York's Preparation for the Future Is Worthy of Emulation by Any Community.

New York city has a committee on city planning. This committee is composed of the five borough presidents and the president of the board of aldermen of the greater city. Its particular purpose, or hope, at this time is to make the city a capable dwelling place for 12,000,000 persons before this generation is succeeded.

That is a stimulating lesson for little big cities. It proves that "it is never too late to mend." It proves, indeed, that the more a city grows the more it must amend and pay for the shortsightedness of its youth.

New York (with 6,000,000 people already and all pretty well crowded together, with real estate values up beyond the dreams of avarice) can take up the neglected work of widening streets, creating open air spots and all the rest of it, what is there to daunt any city? Should selfishness of property owners be permitted now to interfere with a city's making itself capable and efficient for all the needs of all the people that are seen to make it a greater city?

Work of Men of Highest Ability.

Before the nineteenth century not only the men who executed, but especially the men who directed the work of laying out cities, were possessed of much broader and more general culture than today can be found in those men who hold most influential positions. The most convincing examples were the princes of the old regime, who in so many cases were the pushing force that brought about the great artistic achievements in city planning that we admire today. These men, as a rule, made it their business to keep in constant touch with the leading exponents of the best and newest ideas. All over Italy, Germany and France courts could be found that were the continuous meeting places of the best artists, painters, architects, engineers and thinkers on every subject.

Only in this atmosphere of perpetually enlightened discussion and congenial criticism could the fine conceptions in artistic city planning grow, the realizations of which have stood the test century after century.

Artistic Lamp Posts.

Designed to embody beauty as well as service, lamp posts erected on one of the streets of Los Angeles are fitted with larger flower boxes which encircle the poles just beneath the cluster of lights which they support. These are filled the year around with ferns and other plants which drop gracefully over the sides of the baskets, always fresh and green. The effect is striking, giving the street just enough of the artistic to take away from it much of that severely commercial appearance characteristic of most business thoroughfares in American cities.—Popular Mechanics.

Limits in Literature.

"You've read 'The Heavenly Twins'?" asked an Englishman of an Irishman. "Yes, I have." "And have you read 'Looking Backwards'?" "How the devil could I do that?" said Pat.—London Evening Standard.

Natural Indignation.

"What is Cholly so indignant about?" "He was about to offer a girl a platonic regard." "Well!" She spoke first, and told him that was all she could offer him.—Kansas City Journal.